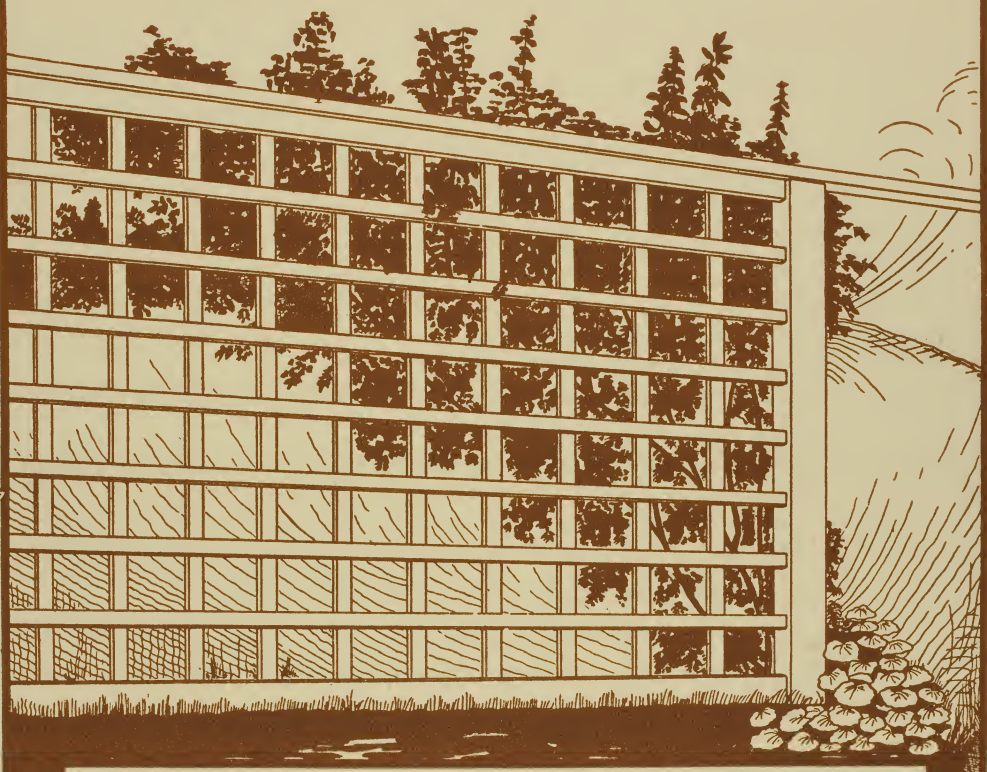
California Garden



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The California Garden

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NATIVE PLANTS FOR LANDSCAPE WORK

By Peter D. Barnhart

All men, and a few women, are prone to cahse after the things which grow, as it were on the "other side of the hill". The far away objects, evn though they are out of sight, are thought to be better than those immediately around us. The "pot of gold" at the end of rainbow has lost none of its fascinations to the minds of men, even now, after centuries of vain endeavor to discover it, and become rich.

The quest will never be abandoned while the heart beats warm, and hopes run high in the minds of men. It must be admitted that to dream dreams, and to see visions, is not a bad thing to do, but it is also a good thing to open our eyes, and see what the Creator of all good has so lavishly strewn along the paths of the resident of Southern California.

This article will not have much to charm the mind of the man whose bank account is large, and still increasing, but to the one of limited means, who has a desire to make home grounds beautiful, it may be helpful. It was Lincoln who said that God must have loved poor people, else He would not have made so many of them. And I am thoroughly convinced that the statement is absolutely correct.

Now then let us see what may be done with native Herbaceous plants for the garden beautiful. Let us begin with the Pentstemon tribe. If there is anything more beautiful in the flowering kingdom of plants than the one known as P. spectabilis I have yet to discover it. It is a gorgeous sight when in full bloom. The spikes are as much as two feet long and the flowers a beautiful purple. Then the one known as scarlet Buglar—P. centranthifolius. This one flowers late in the season. As the common name suggests the flowers are a brilliant scarlet. For a combination of colors, mix in a few plants of Golden Yarrow—Eriophyllum confentiflorum, and one has a flower bed hard to beat for beauty. There is one that has come to us from Texas, named P. palmeri; but, here already, am I wandering off into the far away places; oh the frailty of human nature. Anyway it is fine, and may be had at some first class nursery. Our native Golden Rod is not surpassed for beauty by any of the tribe. The Abronias, sand verbenas, of which there are three species, may be made to carpet the earth with their trailing branches, and bright flowers, yellow, pink and magenta. Now I know that this species of plant is looked upon as a seaside subject, yet away out on the desert, in the Coachella valley where the temperature gets high and the humidity low, it painted the landscape pink the middle of last May. A word relative to the family to which it belongs. It is not a "verbena" at all, but is related to the four-o-clocks, of which there are two species and once they are established are good for the life time of the average gardener. True to their character, at four p. m. every day they show their colors. For shady locations the columbines, and the larkspurs (I mean the scarlet flowering species) are equal to the best of far away lands. A buttercup and a yellow violet both are sure to make a rich display if given but a half chance. The beauty about all these things is that they will thrive and brighten up the yard and the garden with a minimum amount of care. Not a tithe of what we have to bestow on exotics, and be quite as satisfactory. The reader of these lines must not for a moment think that the list of native herbaceous perennials here given are all that are desirable. Far from it. The idea is to awaken in the mind, the thought that we need not go to the uttermost parts of the earth to make a fine display of flowers in the gardens of the south half of the state. Then, too, there ought to be fascination in growing them from seed with the thought in mind of them breaking away from the type and giving us new varieties when once established they will last for an indefinite length of time. To be sure a little cultivation, and a little water occasionally, and some fertilizer will enhance their beauty, both of foliage and of flower. Soon, now, will the seeds be ripe and the wise and thrifty gardener will collect enough to make a beginning next October.

In the next number I shall name some shrubs that are quite as desirable as the herbaceous plants named this time.

Patronize the Garden Advertisers.

THE LATHHOUSE

With the summer comes the day of the lathhouse, that is to the folks who simply admire and exclaim, but the display in the warm weather is built on the foundation laid months ahead. Already the fertilizing and pruning should have been done, but in case it has been neglected, it is better late than never. The things we grow under lath make an almost tropical growth, quick and soft for the most part, and such demand much plant food and water, further they are largely natives of the forest carpet and have acquired the peculiar yet reasonable habit of putting forth new roots on the top instead of below the old ones which uses the fall of the leaves from the trees above. A little thought about this will show that the way to renew the lathhouse is to put the fresh material upon the ground rather than to dig it in. For two years a thick dressing of cow manure from the corral has been used in one lathhouse with excellent effect, this was applied after ALL fern fronds had been cut off, except, of course, tree ferns and such large specimens, and the old canes removed from the so-called tree begonias which are much improved by quite heavy pruning, and the weedy growth from smaller ones, and by a thick dressing is meant a solid cover three inches thick, this was put on in March and sprinkled every day for a week and now in May on top of this is being added a cover of equal parts of sand and leaf mould. There seems to be no danger from this rich treatment, ferns and Rex Begonias and the Vernon type come through it cheerfully and vigorously at the time appointed and it gives a soil texture calculated to retain moisture in the hot days. Success in the lathhouse as on the farm revolves round the humus content of the soil.

Returning to the cutting off of all fern fronds this is done for another reason than to make way for fertilizer, it is the only effective way of keeping the brown fern scale in check. If you have not pruned or fertilized do it now, take your tree begonias look them over, some stems are green and vigorous others are black with a few wiry growths on top and these latter are the ones to cut out right to the ground, the name TREE as applied to these is misleading for they should be treated rather as a raspberry bush constantly renewing it by removing the old spent canes. As you do this see to the staking and tying, testing it. Then attack, for that word expresses the only attitude worth while in this job, the smaller growers such as Robusta, at this time you will plainly distinguish between the old and useless and the new and vigorous. There is hardly a class of begonias that don't tend to get weedy and are improved by cutting back and those that won't stand it must be replaced by new plans. Who has not struggled with a Templini trying to be an ocutillo its bare nobby stems squirming in every direction as one seeks to tie it up, when it should be decapitated for new plants and the old root thrown away, the same applies to Verschafeldti and the Manicatas. Don't be a prune, as the flapper says, and let a begonia, just because it is one, put it over on you. There is only one restriction to be made and that is don't cut unless you know why you are cutting.

This is also the time to move your begonias around, they are quite at variance with most things and prefer to be moved when in vigorous growth in fact they won't stand for disturbance when dormant. There probably is no lathhouse anywhere that would not be benefitted by shuffling the plants. Have you not a tall grower in the front of a bed when its place is obviously at the back and don't your colors swear in places, not but that one can come nearer ignoring color arrangement with impunity with the begonia family than in most places. Have you not plants that are puny for want of more light and others that are jaundiced for the lack of shade. Get in and do something anyway, there is no fun in having a lathhouse without playing with it.

The tuberous begonias should now be getting in the ground, they need all the light and sun the lathhouse will give, a rich very well-drained soil and room for growth. So far we have just played wtih them, but they must become common or rather general with us, they can be raised from seed, though one should be a lineal descendant of Job to try it, from cuttings and tubers. In planting them in the ground put some sand around the tuber, it is an insurance against rot. The hanging basket type, which has been so admired of late, is due for much development just at present, the tubers are hard to obtain, they are very hardy, growing under all sorts of conditions except dry ones and where drainage is not good. To those who have these let it be said that better baskets are obtained by cutting back the first shoots if these are very stocky and stiff and the cut portion will root readily in sand and bloom the same year. If these too ambitious shoots are not shortened they grow too tall and stiff and instead of bowing to the inevitable and bending gracefully over the basket edge they break right off from the tuber and further while growing in this violent manner they keep back all the other shoots needed to round out the basket. It has been insisted fiercely in days gone by that a hanging basket involves in its proper making much care and considerable labor and it might be appropriate to outline it again here. The first operation is to sew a heavy rim of moss on the edge this should be done from the inside out and over and under so as to pull the moss down on the rim and there is but one material that will stand to sew with which is MARLIN that tarry smelly stuff sailor men use with a spike, the writer knows, for he has tried a thousand more or less other things only to see them quit on the job just as the plant reached perfection. After the rim is on without sparing moss or

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THE DESERT FLOWERS

By Fidella Gould Woodcock.

The blooming of Encienso, the incense flower, on the desert slope of San Jacinto Mountain this year for the first time, seems almost as much of a miracle as if the awakening of Saint Hyacinth had brought to life the solid rock and it had become the altar of sweet incense floating skyward in a golden cloud while the snow banners are still flying on the peak of the patron saint of flowers for whom it was named. But like many wonderous things the real fact can be traced to the mystery of natural growth.

For long periods the dry sands gradually fill with dormant seeds that the blow sands carry about even as high as several hundred feet on the south side of the crater of the desert. Botanically the saving power of the incense flower is in its akene that is provided at the top with two strong hooks that take the place of pappus in seed dispersion, a character of the Encelias. Fastening upon the eroded boulders they have until the present season wanted sufficient moisture to cause germination. The name Encienso was given to Encelia Farinosa by the early Spanish settlers on account of its resin for which the plant was burned in the ceremonials of cathedral worship—as when serving this purpose it has a very agreeable odor.

By the early explorers it was called Encella nivea on account of the snowy appearance of the leaves that often look as if they had been dipped in flour they are so farinose. As they are not always white, having merely a glaucous color like that of Eucalyptus pulverulenta the name was later changed to one suited to express a permanent character.

There are several very handsome species of Encelia in the desert, those growing below the sea level being remarkably rich in color. Most common are E. eriocephala marked by long wool on the calyx. Not so frequent is a more showy Mexican plant that is quite similar but has viscid leaves—Encelia viscosa. Along the Salton Sea sands dunes and in the "mud hills" or low ranges of the Colorado river occasionally in the Painted Canyon one can find it. Unlike it E. Californica in the Coast canyons, both a summer and a winter bloomer has a dark center while the disc of the desert species is brilliant orange.

The sand verbena has an interest that is deeply historical. When La Perouse discovered it on the shores of the Pacific he sent it to the French Academy at Paris and it was the first plant to receive the distinction of a scientific name in this part of America—Abronia umbellata. Varying in crisp shades of rosy white to a deeper still rosy tint, inimitable it is Abronia villosa, the ground cover of the desert. Mound after mound of sand is filled with the phenomenal growth and one can pull it up by the armfuls it is so luxuriant.

At Easter time it left just room now and then for the desert lily—Hesperocallis undulata. This, too, prefers to stay below the sea level. In the Mohave it grows near Dry Lake but is not frequent. Its distinctive character for which it receives the name for scientific recognition is given it from the very wavy leaf that is similar to that of the Amole, the soap plant of Mexico, Chlorogalum pomeridianum, that is also a lily.

With sufficient sentiment to come as near the truth as discretion will allow on so emotional a subject as spiritual loveliness it is sometimes easy when discussing the individual merits of flowers to give them the essence of a soul. With the poise of the ephemeral butterfly Mohavia sits a lilt its tall stem and when its life is gone wraps the lonely stalk with the film of its immortal self and another blossom takes its place—it lives, blooms, goes, where? One admires its transparent beauty and has a finer sense of things when it is gone for having seen it for it carries the eternal soul of the Creator. The flowers make the most and the best of their circumstances reproduce and distribute. It is an illusion to say with the poet that their sweetness is wasted on the desert air.

On a windswept Indian ranch in the San Bernardino Mountains the native shrubs were planted on a mound used for devotional purposes as nature allowed them to do, uncultivated, uncared for, but as in other human interests they were collected by the lovers of wild life as it is, the ideal is there and it carries. The unclaimed has its best and will bear out what is left by maintaining its share when the wastes are redeemed for the most they can give.

To return to the fragrant memory of the flowers we know and love—sunflowers, wild peas, lupines, sand verbenas, spectacle?pods, evening primroses, maddening to botanists, there are so many kinds of them, and pussy paws—the common names sound so dear and homely after a jaunt with a dictionary or two to find the proper pronunciation of Helianthus, Lathyrus, Abronia, Biscutella, Oenothera, Calyptridium with hosts of others required by botanic technique. More, the little ground pink, sometimes called the fringed gilia is about the same in the interior big washes as near the sea—Gilia dianthoides daintiness itself.

There are many single species that none but a specialist can describe and others that are so well described that the best safeguard is to say little or nothing of them. Of those that are not so well known there are some of the flowering shrubs to be mentioned—Gabriel's trumpet, Beloperone Californica of the Acanthus family so valuable for its beautiful lines in art and horticulture. Its foliage was used for architectural designs by the Romans. Beloperone has a red color that is

neither flashing nor flaming—like Sphaeralcea ambiguous. With the golden incense flower it gives a deep, strong tone to the wild rockeries of canyon landscape. And the white flowered Mirabilis intervenes with waxy foliage. Krameria passiflora until its starry wine blooms come out, is as ragged as a tramp by the wayside. Hibiscus denudatus is a modest mallow about a foot or two high seldom taller similar in many ways to others of the family but is one of the two species of Hibiscus that grow wild in California. The petals are like very delicate pink sea shells. The Sphaeralceas are nearly related and there are more of them than have been published. Perhaps S. Purpurascus is the most reliable as a garden form. Feudlers Sphaeralcea is the favorite in cactus gardens. In Palm Springs the Bisnaga or Barrel cactus is planted in the parking to a small extent. The cactuses are mostly Echinocactus or Opuntias and need especial treatment in flower story.

COMMUNICATION

The Editor, The California Garden:

In a recent issue of your interesting magazine was an article entitled "Seeds from the Ancients", describing a pea raised from seed purporting to have been found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy dug up 2,000 years after burial.

I dislike to seem a kill-joy, but the recipient of those seeds has unquestionably been imposed upon. According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, seeds of grains or garden ornamentals under the best conditions do not retain their viability—that is, power of germination—for more than a dozen years or so at most; so that seeds twenty centuries old would manifestly be as dead in the germ as the mummy in whose hand they were alleged to have been found.

As a matter of fact, it has long been a trick of the unscrupulous to palm off on unsuspecting travelers in Egypt various sorts of spurious antiquities, among them for instance, the notorious mummy wheat. Grains of this, the tourist would be assured, were taken from mummy cases and would grow if sowed in the ground. Perhaps they would, but evidence goes to show that such grains were "planted" in the mummy case very recently for the express purpose of reaping a financial harvest from the deceit; just as in our own country mines have been known to be "salted".

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS.

Pasadena, California, May 16, 1922.

This letter places us in a difficult position which can be easily understood by stating, that we have almost a reverence for the words of the author of Mr. Saunders delightful books, but we have even more than that feeling for anything Mrs. F. T. Scripps vouchsafes, and further we have been given some of those mummy peas. With the Department of Agriculture we have a peevement since it jeered at our desire to investigate "Dowsing for water with forked sticks". After this confession we would like to say that if Mrs. Scripps says those pea seed came from the hands of a mummy a million years old, it has to be so for us. We remember when two noted naturalists denounced the "Wild Animals I Have Known" stories because they were too intelligent, we mean the animals, and how we felt somebody was trying to rob us of LOBO and The Pacing Mustang personal friends of ours and we would not have it. The truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, but it is more often much less interesting. We are watching our mummy peas grow and as they started with this ancient history they have got to keep it until they bloom anyway, and that suggests that perhaps Mr. Saunders never saw the mummy pea bloom, if he had he would understand why even a mummy would hang on to the seed for an indefinite number of years.—[Ed.]

Floral Association Annual Meeting, San Diego Club House, June 20.

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The May & June Gardens

THE FLOWER GARDEN

By Mary A. Matthews.

May is such a busy month in the garden, and if we neglect it a few days, as many of us are compelled to do, everything piles upon us, then again some of us have been tempted to try everything we have seen, before filling every available spot with plants, seeds, etc., it is well for us to think of the days to come, hot drying winds irrigation that must be done just when needed—Weeding, transplanting will all require time and patience and if we are not willing to give then it is better to plant just what you can care for well. It is well though to try one at least of the new things just to have a new experience and interest, I have been much interested of late in collecting stray seedlings of the Hardy Asters or Michaelmas Daisy. Some of them are very prolific seeders if allowed to and as last year the blues, white and purples were neighbors, I may get something new. I have several dozen seedlings.

Zinnias can be sown in the open this month with favorable results, if possible plant in rows so you can water and cultivate between rows. With this popular flower it is always well to buy the very best strain of seed if you do pay a good bit more. No time should be lost in securing a good variety of any flower where the aim is to have the best possible results—this is especially so with antirrhinums (snapdragons). The expert seedsmen are experimenting with these and have put on the market seeds of wonderful varieties, larger flowers well placed on the stem, unusual blending of colors, and many stems to a plant. From the Canadian Florist I quote: "Antirrhinum can also be secured by cuttings and are easily rooted in sand, this process should be resorted to where special colors are wanted or in the selection of any true variety. Insert short not long cuttings as it is easier to keep them up so that they cannot flag." This advice can also be applied as well to the Penstemon which does well with us and in many cases it can fill the place of the more transient snapdragon.

While looking after and enjoying the present garden have an eye to the future and get your seed boxes ready for sowing seeds of perennials you may want to have next year, many of them do much better if sown in late May or early June than when they are planted in the fall. Seeds of the various perennials can be sown from now on till into late fall, early or late according to kind.

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THE MAY GARDEN

By Walter Birch

The nights are still cold and the weather backward so that you need not be afraid to still plant most of the list of vegetable seeds for maturing in the summer. Rocky Ford muskmelons and other varieties may go in as well as water melons, squashes, sweet corn, beans, both pole and bush, and a number of the smaller seeds such as radish, turnip, beets, onions, spinach, etc., also tomato, egg plant, sweet potatoes and pepper plants. In fact the ground has been so cold up to date that such plants as tomatoes, peppers and egg plant will now grow much faster and better than the ones planted earlier.

Be on the lookout for the cut worm which is one of the most persistent pests at this time of year and later in the summer. They are hard to find, as during the day time they usually hide in the soil an inch or two deep alongside of the vegetables or other plants they feed upon. The best remedy is arsinate of lead used at the rate of a heaping tablespoonful to a gallon of water and thoroughly sprayed on the plants. The ground is now beginning to dry out pretty well so either sprinkle heavily enough to meet the underground moisture or run the water in furrows, as it is very important to keep the ground uniformly moist, so as not to check the growth of your vegetables, which always means a serious set back and a taking away of that crisp tenderness so noticeable in the well grown vegetable. If you apply commercial fertilizers apply them in small quantities, little and often and thoroughly mixed with the soil at the right distance from the plant so as to be absorbed by the root system.

The time is just right now for planting out three valuable additions to the flower garden, namely, gladiolus and dahlia bulbs, and chrysanthemum plants. The gladioli are particularly pleasing and easy of culture, can be planted at least eight months of the year, and with good care will bloom in two months from time of planting. They have a wonderful range of color and make a very striking cut flower lasting a week in water. The dahlia and chrysanthemum are also very popular and easy of culture, and May is a capital month to get them in the ground.

"In the family, as in the State, the best source of wealth is economy. It is a good revenue."—Cicero.

Patronize the Garden Advertisers.

The California Garden

A. D. Robinson, Editor
Office, Rosecroft, Point Loma, Cal.

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EDITORIALLY

G. R. Gorton has gone to Los Angeles to better himself, as the saying is, and worser us, if we may put our real loss so tritely. As Horticultural Commissioner he was a remarkable fit in a world of misfits. This job takes some doing when you have to go to a man who has paid his good money for plants and not only tell him they must be destroyed because they harbor a minute insect he cannot find, but make him like the treatment into the bargain, it calls for fine art and Gorton had it, he not only could see bugs that were present but had information about others that were suspected and today there is undoubtedly joy in bugland because he has gone away. It is true he is keeping his eagle eye peeled for bugs in Los Angeles, but it cannot be denied that even a bug prefers San Diego. It is as President of The San Diego Floral Association and Editor of this magazine that the Garden people will miss him most; that he served for two years in both capacities with marked ability and aptitude is known to everybody, but few realize the amount of unselfish service involved. To be a volunteer leader of volunteers with no rewards and no penalties and be successful entitles any one to a halo. If Hoover knew the Floral Association and Gorton, the latter would not stay in Los Angeles longer than to buy a ticket out.

He says he will come back to San Diego when he can afford to, and this magazine representing itself and the Floral Association deeply regrets that all it has to offer is hard work. Good fortune to him wherever he may be.

By a combination of circumstances involving the Board of Supervisors, a Los Angeles body, the Directorate of the Floral Association, members of my immediate family, and my own lack of backbone, I find myself back again as President of the Floral Association and Editor of this magazine, only for a couple of months, it is true, but the realization of this, as I punch the ubitquitous and annoying Corona, tends towards a belief in the Osler theory about the length of a man's usefulness to the world. At least that is how I felt till the last Flower Show, since when I am surprised by a feeling of genuine pride in my position. First the Show was an exhibition on which any community of any size anywhere might pride itself, and then the substantial expression of approval and support of the citizens as expressed by the attendance of over four thousand in a day and a half. May I be excused for going back in memory to an exhibition held fifteen years ago in Germania Hall, staged admirably and expensively, which in a full week, evenings included, attracted less than one thousand people and landed the promoters with a deficit of over seven hundred dollars. This same story was repeated for years, and that the success of this year could be is due not only to the faithful working members but also to the few individuals and businesses who always cheerfully wiped out the deficits as fast as they came and believed in the Floral Association because they believed in San Diego. I must give the greater part of my congratulations to San Diego that it has so emphatically accepted the gift so long held out to it by its Floral Association and that thought naturally leads me to inquire why should not our Flower Shows be officially civic? I mean why should not our Mayor and a sprinkling of Councilmen, of course all of them could not desert their post at one time, open these events with enough ceremoney and pomp to make an official recognition, but not enough to found a suit for damages in case an old-time deficit ensued. I am not now posted as to what would be appropriate, not a floral horseshoe I am sure, but I would take a chance on its being harmless to have the Mayor deliver a short address or a long one if he felt like it, and suggest that the Show was a safe one to visit, further he might connect it up with the water system and then anything would be legitimate. If I am in a position to do it I will see that our governing body has a chance to refuse an invitation to officiate at the next show.

This was the first show I have attended except in the capacity of an exhibitor in four years, I had been pitchforked into the Presidential chair two weeks before the show with the least possible knowledge of what was to be done or who was going to do it and now I dare confess I went to the show room almost as ignorant, a few strays came and asked me questions presumably because I was not doing anything and invariably I had to say I don't know, and I watched that tremendous

exhibit march into orderly sequence in a few short hours. As a matter of courtesy some of the WORKERS would occasionally ask my advice, but I knew they did not need and would not know what to do with it if they had it, so I tried to find out what they were going to do and then told them to do it. With those Floral Association workers back of me I would undertake to decorate—Well say the City Hall. And the spirit among them, why if there were nothing else it would have been worth coming back for. I cannot help speaking of Morley, we don't say Mr. Morley any more than members of a family use the distance prefix, he was there setting the main feature and the background for everything just the same as he was when I left and I suppose he has been doing all the time, he always says he cannot do much this time and then goes out and eclipses all previous efforts and he never lacks a laugh. If the Gods had asked me what faculty I wanted worst I should have replied the power to laugh at myself and with the other fellow all the time. I used to be afraid of Morley, I thought he must know what a bluffer I was, how my lack of flower knowledge was hidden behind a thin screen of verbiage, but now I know he always saw through it and just chuckled and never said a word, since then I have learned some from him, if you want a good time go and judge a flower show with Morley.

I would like to mention by name a lot of folks who stayed by the old ship while I went out to pasture, but they would not like it, Morley is a public character and he can't help it.

Now about the people that came to the show, quite a sprinkling of the old faithfuls, but what a lot of new faces and how interested they were in the flowers, have all these new people new gardens in San Diego? It is a fascinating conjecture, literally thousands of new gardens in our city. I like to think that, the Floral Association holds Flower Shows for just that purpose, to make NEW gardens in San Diego.

Then the exhibits! You saw them, of course! Well now I did not, I only got a glimpse; in the first place I cannot look at those kind of flowers on the hop, and I expected the crowd to thin out and get a chance to do a bit of loitering around, but no such thing, I know the wildflowers were wonderful and probably the show of them could not be duplicated anywhere, that every fancy basket and vase in the city was in the show, and that sweet peas had absolutely flooded in and that neighboring communities had moved their gardens bodily over, but I am not prepared to do more than generalize and so I have asked folks who can say something worthwhile to speak up.

Frankly I don't know where this rambling greeting should go in the magazine and I am somewhat indifferent. I never was an Editor, and kindly people who are, say I never shall be, so why worry, all I care for is that you good floral people who remember me in the days of my youth shall know that I am glad to be back with you and I am not ashamed to say so and if you will do the work I will blow out my chest and receive the honor.

ALFRED D. ROBINSON.

APRIL MEETING

In April an afternoon meeting was held in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wangenheim, this was the deferred bulb show, the delay being caused by unseasonable weather. There were about 100 in attendance. The display of bulbous subjects was fairly good. More attention to this class of flowers is being given each season, and next year we should be able to stage a good bulb show in the early spring.

The evening meeting was held in the Southern California Music Co. rooms, through the courtesy of Mr. Arthur Morse. At this meeting Mr. Gorton formally tendered his resignation as president of the San Diego Floral Association, he having been called to Los Angeles to accept the position of deputy horticultural commissioner for Los Angeles county. Mr. Gorton's resignation was accepted with regret by the board and all members of the association, he having been our most excellent president for three terms. Mr. Alfred D. Robinson was chosen to fill the unexpired term caused by the removal of Mr. Gorton, and Mrs. Mary A. Greer, vice-president, was appointed to the position on the Balboa Park Auditorium Board, filled by Mr. Gorton, to represent the San Diego Floral Association. In regard to the rose and flower show held May 6 and 7, would say that the books show that there were two hundred and seventy (270) entries made for competition, independent of the schools, in these there were twenty city schools entered, nine county schools, also five children who made independent displays.

MARY MATTHEWS,
Secretary.

THE FLOWER GARDEN

Continued from page 5

The much overlooked Chrysanthemums can be planted all through this month, for quite a while they have been put in the background by the Dahlia craze, both are well suited to our climate, many of the Chrysanthemums that are grown in grenhouses elsewhere can be grown here out of doors and give just as fine blooms, if the proper care is given. Choice old garden kinds are to be had now and there are also Anemone flowered and singles that are fine for decorative purposes —give them good rich soil plenty of water and cultivate regularly, pinch back too rank growth.

THE ROSE

By E. Benard.

Just after the shows is the time to take an invoice of the roses, new and old, and make a planting list for next season, although where bushes can be had well established in pots they can yet be successfully planted out with good and immediate effect, the one requisite being a large hole, some rotted manure and plenty of moisture till over the change.

The rose that caused the most excitement, and which stays the best of all recent introductions is the Los Angeles, that shrimpy pink of splendid form and vigor now known to all the world. Next, perhaps, is Isobel, a deep rosy pink with yellow shading at base of petals, a single rose on the type of Irish Elegance, but marvelous in the bud which has the true shell form and lasting two or three days as an open rose. The winnner of the best rose at three shows was Crimson Queen, a deep crimson almost black in shading of beautiful form in bud, full and of great substance, this promises to be a much better doer than its predecessors in this color, such as George Dickson, which seemed to think one magnificent rose was all it need produce for the season. In yellows are many, Golden Emblem, Mrs. S. K. Rindge, W. F. Dreer, Chas. Lutaud and Iona Herdman, and Rosemary, a pink, Red Radiance, Hoosier Beauty that some folks think better than that other great gift of Hill of Richmond—General McArthur, Mary Countess of Ilchester, a deep pink very fragrant, Hadley, a good crimson red.

A regrettable feature of the rose exhibits was the scrapping of many old favorites that should still be in every rose garden. Where were the Sunbursts, Caroline Testout, the real pink rose, The Cochets, especially White and Niles, Marie Van Houte, Madame Leon Paine, and most of all Papa Gontier? It is a crime, at least an horticultural one, to neglect these.

Other roses, either old or not so old, worthy of particular mention, are Madame Edouard Heriot that glistening coral red which people will call the Daily Mail, Ophelia is a splendid flesh tinted, Juliet with rose outside and chrome yellow inside petals that grows well only in special locations and requires much feeding and water, Lady Hillingdon, a very good deep yellow rather shy on wood in stem, Duchess of Wellington, a good yellow shaded with red at base, Mrs. Aaron Ward one of the very best, good in bud, winning this year in the shaded yellows, has no superior as a cut flower, Countess de Cayla, a capsicum red, very luminous, good grower, makes a delightful standard, small and semi-double, Mrs. A. R. Waddell, an apricot shade, Joseph Hill, the winner in the pink shaded, a rather variable colored bloom of beautiful pointed form, great substance and long, stiff stem, foliage good also and lastly that pure white, Frau Karl Druschki, the whitest rose ever, of great size, good form and save for its habit of mildewing a good grower. These are not all by any means, even of the very good ones, but will serve to show that the old favorites have a right to stay, however, before leaving this phase I should like to ask why Duchess of Brabant, the shell pink cup-shaped rose, has been discarded, as a bush when well taken care of it still has few equals.

Before closing this sketchy review mention must be made of the climbing roses, the newest one is Paul's Crimson climber, a brilliant red, exquisite in bloom, but a seasonal bloomer, others of merit are Caroline Testout, the well known pink, Duchess of Auerstadt, a good shaded yellow, Climbing Devoniensis creamy white, splendid in bud, Lamarque, the old standby white, Madame Alfred Carriere, as old if not older, white tinted, Reve D'Or, yellow, good foliage, no bad habits, and best of all Papa Gontier, the red buds of which when well grown are the equal of any, and yet another Cecile Bruner, the baby whom all love.

In view of the fact that E. Benard has consented to resume his rose articles for California Garden, it may be of interest to give a short history of him showing his qualifications to speak with authority on the Rose. He is the grandson of a family of nurserymen dating from after the Napoleonic wars. Laurent Matthieu Bernard was in 1820 one of the leading nurserymen at Orleans, France, which was then a center of production of nursery

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stock. Before the railroads were available for transportation betwen towns, he filled three or four large two-wheeled drays drawn by two or four horses and went from fair to fair selling fruit trees, forest seedlings and shrubs, going as far as Paris, a long journey for those times.

In 1846 E. L. Benard, the father of E. Benard, was connected with his cousin Briolet in the decorating and florists business in Paris, having charge of the garden of the Hotel of James Rothschild in Rue Lafitte. This father of the all-powerful bankers of that day, used to come into his garden and chat with the gardener and take a snack with him of French bread and Chablis. Benard's father in 1849 took charge of his father's nursery business in Orleans, where he stayed till his death.

In 1884 E. Benard came to America to establish better commercial relations with the nursery trade. He worked with W. C. Wilson, Astoria, N. Y., Robert J. Halliday, Baltimore, where he specialized in Azalias and Camelias, then moved to Robert Craig, the leading Philadelphia florist. Expecting to return to France he wanted to see California, thinking to look it over in a couple of weeks, but he got himself tangled up with the California Nursery Co. at Niles and induced the then manager, John Rock, to go in strongly for roses. He came to San Diego with a large consignment of plants at the opening of Hotel del Coronado, and he has never gotten away. He started a nursery in Mission Valley and his name is known wherever people grow roses in this big West. He keeps up his affiliations with France and her doings in his line through his brother George, who is the leading nurseryman of the Orleans district, and through whom comes to Mission Valley the best of the introductions in the old world. If anything more is wanted go and see Benard, he is always at home.

WORD FROM THE MOHAVE DESERT

God may have left the desert unfinished as the poets claim, but he did not forget to plant many flowers there and this spring at least, they have come forth in all their splendor to cloth the rugged and usually barren old Mohave.

The first flowers to appear about the middle of March, were the evening primroses. They were to be found all along the foothills and even down into the river bottom. Their leaves spread out close to the ground in a soft gray mat and the blossoms, a rich canary yellow, often four inches in diameter, come out from the center of the mat. Properly speaking the evening primrose has no stem. The flower grows at the tip of an elongated pistil—the so-called stem later becoming the seed pod. The blossoms only open out when the sun is out of sight, so on a moonlight night they present a wonderful sight.

Within a week after the primroses began to bloom the flats along the river and in many places the slopes of the hills were a mad riot of color. Here a great mass of blue flax—there a splotch of pink sand verbena and here there and everywhere white, cream and yellow May flowers.

Well up on the foothills the prevailing color has been yellow and purple. The yellow being furnished by various kinds of butter cups and daisies, whose names I have had no time to learn. The purple has been given by a small very brightly colored lupine, the richest in coloring I have ever seen. None of these flowers grow as tall as the same varieties along the coast, but their coloring is many times more brilliant.

The desert has been further beautiful this spring by the appearance of the desert lily. The last blooming season was 1917, so they have created a great deal of interest. They have been found in the largest quantities about old dry lake beds. The leaf and growing habit of this lily is very much like the common soap root, but the blossom is much more like an Easter lily. The height of the blossom stalk varies according to the amount of moisture it has received. I have seen them all the way from six inches to three feet high. The number of blossoms also varies with the length of the stalk. The smaller ones have only two or three blossoms, while the larger ones have from fifteen to twenty. The blossom itself is very dainty—white inside with gray-green stripes on the outside of the petals. The open flower measures from an inch and a half to two inches and a half across.

The desert lily may be rare and certainly is attractive, but to me the most charming of all the desert flowers, is the purple aster. This is a perennial shrub, growing much after the fashion of some of the more bushy sages. The bush itself is scarcely noticeable since its coloring blends so perfectly with the gray rocky hills on which it grows. Once that the blossoming season comes they bloom profusely without water or soil to speak of. I have seen plants eighteen or twenty inches high growing in the crevice of rock, a mass of fragile bloom and long slender stems—as dainty as any aster grown with the greatest of care in a sheltered garden.

There are hundreds of other flowers if one had the time to tell of them—tiny flowers with no plant to speak of—prickly flowers and smooth ones; but when all has been seen and all has been said, the only lasting impression is that of a vast stretch of dainty coloring as if a rainbow had left its coloring there.

FLORENCE COLBY.

The writer sent some of the purple aster (Aster tortuous) to the late Flower Show in San Diego, where it created much interest.—[Editor.]

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The Spring Rose Show

Descriptive articles about the Spring Rose Show are in preparation by experts in their various departments and they will appear in the June number, which it is hoped to have out for the annual meeting to be held at the San Diego Club House June 20th. Put this fixture on your list, it will be a regular old timer, music, possibly a showing of color pictures never before exhibited, refreshments, a good social time and only enough business to excuse the good time, further special decorations are being planned by a committee that knows how to do it.

Best collection of roses, six varieties, not more than three of each—No first prize given; Mrs. Lillian McManus awarded second prize.

Best six roses, one variety—Mrs. George Hewes, first; Mrs. C. W. Darling of Chula Vista, second.

Best six shaded-pink roses, one variety—Alfred D. Robinson, first.

Best six shaded-yellow roses, one variety— Alfred D. Robinson, first.

Best three white roses, one variety—George Hewes, first.

Best three pink roses, one variety—Miss Hortense Coulter.

Best one white rose—Mrs. C. E. Campbell first; Mrs. Hensley Lacey, entered by George Mayeda, second.

Best one pink rose—Miss Lillian McManus, first.

Best one yellow rose—R. J. Street, Coronado. first; Mrs. Hensley Lacey, entered by George Mayeda, second.

Best one red rose—Miss Herbert Coit, first and special.

Best one yellow rose, single or Cherokee type—Mrs. Maxfield Cook of Chula Vista.

Best rose in show—Mrs. Herbert Coit.

San Diego county "seedling" rose—Alred D. Robinson, first and second.

Best arranged vase, bowl or dish of roses—Mrs. E. J. Campbell, first; Mrs. Milton Sessions, second.

Best arranged basket of roses—Mrs. E. J. Campbell, first; Mrs. F. W. White, second.

Best arranged basket of flowers other than roses—Mrs. Marshall Terry, first; Mrs. M. G. Straus, second; special, Bobbie and Edith Paine.

Best arrangement of flowers in bowl, vase or dish—Miss H. Coulter, first; Mrs. Jarvis L. Doyle, second.

Best flowering plant for house—Mrs. C. E. Pickard, first; Mrs. J. Wangenheim, second; H. Coulter, award of merit.

Best display of bulb flowers—Mrs. R. J. Street, first; L. A. Blochman, second.

Best display of Iris—Miss Leda Klauber.

Best display of Iris Germanica—Mrs. A. D. Robinson, first.

Best display of flowering shrubs—Mrs. F. D. Waite, first; Mrs. J. Wangenheim, second; Miss Coulter, award of merit.

Best display of Pansies—Mrs. M. Terry, first; Miss H. Coulter, second; Mrs. C. H. Chase, third.

Best display of wild flowers by an individual—Mrs. J. A. Heap, first and second; A. D. Robinson, awrd of merit.

Best display of wild flowers grown by an individual—Mrs. Herbert Evans, first; Mrs. J. Fillbrook, second.

Best floral display from a private garden larger than a 50-foot lot—R. J. Street, Coronado.

Best collection of swet peas, not less than 15 stems—Miss Edith Gait, first.

Best vase white sweet peas—Mrs. John Fitzpatrick.

Best vase light pink sweet peas—Mrs. H. W. Gibbs, first; H. Coulter, second.

Best vase dark pink sweet peas—Miss E. Thelen, award of merit.

Best vase of red sweet peas—Ana B. Stockwell, ward of merit.

Best vase of lavender sweet peas—Mrs. H. W. Gibbs, first; Mrs. M. G. Straus, second.

Best vase of salmon seet peas—Mrs. Frank W. Holland.

Best vase of maroon sweet peas—Miss E. Thelen, first; Miss Margaret Tate, second.

Best vase of bicolor sweet peas, limit 20 sprays —Mrs. Frances Havard, G. Stephanic.

Best arranged basket of sweet peas—Mrs. Myrtle Clendenen, first; Miss Florence Corbett, second; Mrs. A. B. Wood, award of merit.

Best arranged bowl of sweet peas—Mrs. Myrtle Clendenen, first; Irvin N. Cross, second.

Best display of cineraria, stellata—R. J. Street, Coronado.

Best display of pelargonius—Mrs. Marshall Terry, first; Mrs. Martha Brooks, second; Mrs. W. M. French, award of merit.

Best display of annuals—H. Coulter, first; Marshall Terry, second.

Best display of perennials—Mrs. W. B. Thomas, first; Mrs. Marshall Terry, special prize.

Best display of snapdragons—H. Coulter, first; Mrs. Frances McLane, second; Mrs. Eva Gray, special prize.

Best display of calendulas—Mrs. John Daneri, first; H. Coulter, second.

Best display of larkspurs—Mrs. Alexander Reynolds, first; F. Reichel, second.

Best collection of sweet peas grown by any school in the city—Lincoln, first; Stockton, second.

Best collection of wild flowers by any school in the county outside of the city—El Capitan, first; Cottonwood, second.

Best arranged basket of wild flowers by any school in the city—Logan, first; Freemont, second.

Best arranged basket of wild flowers by any school in the county outside of the city—Ramona, first; Encinitas, second.

Best community display of seasonal flowers outside the city—First, Coronado; second, Chula Vista; special, National City.

Best collection of wild flowers by any school in the city—First, Frances Parker School; second, Encanto School; Encinitas School, special for well-gathered collection.

Best table decoration other than roses—First, Mrs. Jarvis Doyle.

Award of merit—Balboa Park, blue ribbon.

Best table decoration with roses—First, Mrs. John Mott.

Best collection cut flowers grown by city school —First, Lincoln School.

Best arranged vase of wild flowers—Special, Mary Elanor Childs; special Detention Home.

Carnations—Award of merit, Gail Thompson.

Best display of Spanish Iris—First, Mrs. N. B. Osborn; second Era Gray.

Best display of cut flowers or plants from a child's garden—First, Anna Elizabeth Lough; second, Edna Lenore Ellison.

Best specimen of cut flowering vine—Award of merit, Mrs. Alberta Hinson.

PROFESSIONALS

Best general display of cut bush roses—E. Benard.

Best general display of shrubs and plants— F. A. Bodie.

Best display of everlasting flowers—California Everlasting Flower Association, first; Parmenter's Everlasting Flower Store, second.

Best display of bulb flowers (entries of florists) —R. F. Cushman, first; Boyle & Darnard, second.

Best arranged basket of cut flowers—Boyle & Darnard, award of merit.

Best bride's bouquet—Boyle & Darnard, award of merit.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE

The Children's Page for this issue has been contributed by the pupils of the Loma Portal School.

NASTURTIUMS

Around our garden fence
In the damp and in the dry
In the sand and in the rock,
Little golden flowers grow:
Their faces turned to the sun,
What are these flowers gold and red?
Nasturtiums? Why of course.

Charlotte Robinson, 7A.

SWEET PEAS

All around our garden fence,
Climb sweet peas tall and dense
The colors there are dark and light
Violet, red, pink and white.

Day by day, they higher grow,
Day by day, it seems so slow.
For every day our way we wend,
And much time tending them we spend.

Through the summer still they bloom,
Through the hot and sultry noon
The sun beats down and withers them
And each one looks like a faded gem.

Then comes the busiest time of all,
We gather the seed ere they start to fall
The seeds are plucked and put away
Ready to plant next April or May.

Bernice Carmen Nelson, 7A.

UNUSUAL WILD FLOWERS

When the children of Loma Portal School were gathering wild flowers for their basket to be exhibited at the Floral Associations' recent flower show, they found a number of unusual wild flowers.

Louise Cook found several plants of pure white brodiaea instead of the common blue variety. Arthu Ferguson found a pure white collinsia or Chinese house, something not even noted in our California flower book. There was also a white Mariposa tulip, which is unusual here in San Diego, a white hollyhock, whose color is generally pink, and I found several pure white Owls clover.

Wild flowers are very interesting if studied and they should be taken with consideration by every boy, girl, man and woman in the whole wide world.

Nina Brownrigg, 7A.

OUR LOMA PORTAL GARDEN

We have a little garden about fifty by seventy feet, fenced with a wire fence about four feet high to keep the little bunnies out on a moon light night when they seem to have quite an appetite for nice tender shoots.

Our soil is very good and we can raise almost anything. At present we have turnips, carrots, lettuce, radishes, cauliflower, onions, peas, corn, beets, garlic, kale and artichokes, and several rows of strawberry plants and some rhubarb.

We have many beautiful flowers in our garden; sweet peas, roses, beeplant, statice, geraniums, Australian lilac, and some whose names I don't know. But the most beautiful and interesting are the nasturtiums. They originated in South America and Mexico, but they seem to grow everywhere here and we have developed many magnificent shades of them.

The children of Loma Portal School have something that the children of many schools have not and that is a magnificent view. The school is on the top of a hill overlooking the beautiful San Diego bay with its everchanging scenes, the city and the distant purple mountains.

However let us return to our garden. It has paid us very well, although the excessive winter rains caused much damage. We haven't an extensive garden, but it has given us much pleasure and work.

Eva Power, 7A.

OUR CAMPING TRIP TO MISSION GORGE

It was a Friday in June and we were all excited because after school the Loma Portal scholars were to go on a camping trip to the head of the Mission Gorge.

About four o'clock a big truck loaded with good things to eat came for us and we all piled in. We had the most fun! Reaching the camping place, while the truck unloaded we all started off to gather firewood. We gathered a huge pile and then helped spread straw, canvas and blankets for our beds.

After we finished that, we went out on the sandy riverbed and had a jolly game of indoor until we were called to supper. One call was enough for we were very hungry and thoroughly enjoyed gathering around the fire and roasting "wienies" and marshmallows and drinking gallons of milk which we got from a dairy nearby.

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When it grew dark we lighted our bonfire and fairy stories and bear stories were told and songs sung until bedtime.

Then somebody told a ghost story and we all went to bed to shiver and chatter until our chaperons sternly bade us go to sleep. Ha! Ha! ironical comment by one of the chaperons.)

We were up before the sun the next morning and had a busy happy time. Mr. Sumner, the botanist, came out about ten o'clock and took us on a "hike" and taught us many interesting things about the flowers and plants growing there.

After lunch we had another game of ball and came home about three o'clock, tired but happy. If I should ever be asked to pick a spot for a camping trip, I should select the Head of Mission Gorge.

Louise Cook, 7A.

THE LATH HOUSE

Continued from page 2

marlin the basket should be lined with moss thick enough so that the fingers can be pushed anywhere fairly hard without going through; now put in the dirt, which should be a loose mixture of leaf mould coarse sand and loam with a good pinch of bone dust, and tamp it in well till the moss is forced hard against the wires everywhere, when planted and nearly full put an additional moss layer just below the rim, this will make the basket hold water. Now dip the whole thing in a tub till it has soaked up all the water it can and pray never to forget it afterwards. Another great aid to basket making and potting in general is a scoop, such as the grocer uses for sugar and other barrelled things, not a large one but with a capacity of about two trowels, that is when the trowel is held steadily and horizontally a thing next to impossible in filling baskets, and it should have a narrow mouth, with this you can fill anything just as you wish comfortably, accurately, quickly and without recalling all the bad language the manipulation of an ordinary trowel necessarily compels. Just consider and see if you can remember one instance when you arrived at your destination with a full trowel load.

THE TREES

The trees have music of their own, a soft and soothing monotone, that lulls a man to rest. I have a volume to pursue, but, under them, I snore and snoose, my chin upon my breast. To sit beneath a swaying birch is much like being in a church; your drowsy eyelids close and to the realms of dreams you hie, until an active, loathsome fly camps down upon your nose. How often I have lain awake until I saw the morning break, and slumber would not come; and I would sadly leave the hay, to face another toilsome day, all punk and on the bum. I toss around upon my bed, and find no comfort there; but when I sit beneath a tree, the sweet restorer comes to me, its coattails in the air. The trees have voices sad and sweet, their world-old music they repeat, a solemn, sylvan choir; the same old song they used to sing when Earth was but a half-baked thing, and mortals worshipped fire. They croon their mournful lullaby while men are born, grow up and die, they sigh with every breeze; and when I quit this vale of tears I hope to sleep a million years beneath the nodding trees.—Walt Mason in The Canadian Countryman.

The earlier crosses of standard bearded iris should do quite as well in the eastern United States as do the introductions of other breeders, but the Mesopotamica hybrids will need testing to prove or disprove their adaptability to colder, wetter gardens. But the iris lovers of California and the southwest will certainly want them for their vigor, size, height and early blooming.

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The "Garden" invites you to "take it on trial" for three months for the nominal price of .25c. Merely fill out coupon, detach, and mail, with this amount to the California Garden, Point Loma, California. This offer is for a limited period only.

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